

to stand on one shore and admire the beauty of the other, is it to sail up the middle of the lake and enjoy the wonderful loveliness of both shores at once. Wild mountain scenery is not easy to describe; perhaps no very distinct impression is conveyed to the mind of the reader even by the most careful and painstaking description one can write. It must be seen to be enjoyed. At Inversuaid the view is perhaps the finest to be had at any point on the lake; surely nothing anywhere can much surpass it for beauty of lake and mountain view. When the treacherous Scotch mist will permit, you can look away to Ben Lomond, Ben Voirlich, Ben Crook and other mountain peaks, but so high is the nearer highland wall, and so closely drawn around you that in spite of an occasional view of a distant mountain peak, you feel completely shut in. From this point we took stage coaches and drove by a mountain road to Loch Katrine. There were on our coach a few more than twenty passengers, and of these, fifteen were Americans. They were not traveling together as one party, but were from different parts of the United States, and it simply happened that on this particular coach, making a trip thru the Scottish highlands, three fourths of the passengers were Americans. We soon became acquainted, and felt that sense of kindred which everywhere unites the children of the same fatherland. Our stage coach ride ended, for the time, at the shore of Loch Katrine where we took a steamer—the Rob Roy I think—for a trip extending the whole length of this beautiful little lake. The scenery along the shore is not quite so wild and rugged as that seen from Loch Lomond; the mountains are not so high nor so rough, but they show the same disposition to crowd the lake, and promontory after promontory jut out into the water, thus turning the lake aside and altering the direction of the shore line, and giving to the tourist a new view at every new turn in the lake. Half way down from end to end of the lake, and midway between the opposite shores, is Ellen's isle, made famous in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The island is very small indeed and looks like a big rock rising out of the water with just enough soil on it to support a tangled growth of bushes and vines.

At the end of the lake we took coaches again and drove to Aberfoyle. The road leads thru the pass of the Trossachs—a picturesque and beautiful path, winding its way among overhanging trees along the shore of the lake—then by the shore of Loch Ard, and there, leaving the low land of the lakes, it climbs the mountain slope by a gradually ascending spiral, turning and winding among the flowering heather, apparently proceeding by indirection but constantly bringing us higher and higher, and enlarging our view at every step. And what a scene of loveliness is spread out below us when we reach the summit! There are the three lakes—Loch Ard, Loch Katrine and Loch Achray—each with its fringe of trees and frame of hills a

picture in itself. Towering above them are the mountain peaks of Ben Venne and Ben Ledi, while farther away can be seen the huge bulk of Ben Lomond.

This whole region is famous in story and song. Sir Walter Scott knew these lakes and mountains and loved them, and found here inspiration for some of his best work. Rob Roy's cave is here—on the shore of Loch Lomond, a mile or more from Inversuaid—where he and his followers are supposed to have found retreat in troublous times. Robert Bruce too, is said to have inhabited it before the time of Rob Roy, but from what I have heard of it—I did not go to see it—it is hardly a cave at all but a mere crevice in the rocks, hardly capable of sheltering anybody. At Aberfoyle we went to the famous Bailie Nichol—Jarvie Inn where we were shown relics of the times of Rob Roy. Here we waited for the train to Stirling.

In my next letter I will speak of Stirling and its famous castle, of Edinburgh, Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford and Liverpool. I discover that I am making very slow progress on my tour, and find it necessary to very materially abridge my letters.

Hagerstown, Md.

#### A CAUSE OF ADVERSITY

C. H. WETHERBE

Various reasons have been assigned for the spiritual adversity which prevails in many churches of the land, and perhaps there is no single cause which is responsible for such a state of things in some churches. It is true however, that even one special cause has hindered many a church from sharing the divine blessings. I am fully convinced that one chief reason for the spiritual barrenness of some churches is dishonest dealing with God's ministers. It is a fact that the Bible has much to say of God's particular care for his true servants. It shows that bad treatment of God's ministers brings severe judgments upon the offenders. A writer in the Presbyterian Banner relates the following unpleasant incident: "A church in one of our large cities, thru one of its representatives, made an appointment for a minister to fill their pulpit one Sunday. The minister kept his appointment and preached twice. He bore his own expenses, provided his own entertainment, went away without any of the officers of church having indicated that they proposed to compensate him for the services he had rendered them. They have been equally silent during all the years that have passed since that day, and there have been several of these years. After several months had passed, their attention was called to the matter, but the minister has never received one penny from them toward defraying his expenses on that occasion."

One grows very indignant as he thinks of such outrageous treatment of God's minister. Even if the minister were not a genuine Christian, yet the fact that that church employed his services was sufficient to obligate the church to pay him his honest dues. He

is a mighty, mean and low man who would set a common laborer at work for him, even one day, and then refuse to pay him, provided the man did good and full work. It is no less mean and wicked in a church to do what that one is reported to have done to that minister. I am confident that that church has suffered adversity in some form or forms for such base wickedness. That minister, if he had done his righteous duty to that church, would have placed a bill for his services and expenses in the hands of a persevering lawyer and obliged them to pay an honest debt.

#### REFLECTIONS

A. J. H. XSON

This Lord's day evening we are in company with Jesus and his disciples by the Lake of Galilee. The multitudes throng him, eager to hear his words. "He went into a ship and sat, and the whole multitude stood on the shore and he spake many things unto them in parables." Matt. 13. First to the multitude, then to the disciples, exhibiting the elementary truths concerning the planting of the Kingdom of God, its development, reality, value, and final vindication, seated in the boat, and no doubt, in the Spring time, the attractive landscape of growing grain spread out before him, he introduces the parable of the sower. Four kinds of soil representing the same number of kinds of hearers are brought before our minds—the wayside hearer, the stony ground hearer, the hearer among thorns and the good ground hearer. In his explanation, the whole scene is transferred to the hearts of his hearers, constituting the great field to be reached by the gospel. Next he introduces the enemies' work of sowing tares, which created much astonishment when discovered and called loudly for extermination. The Saviour's response certainly teaches a great lesson for the zealous bigot who is always demanding things shall come up to certain standards of man's own making. "Let both grow together until the harvest, and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers gather ye together first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn." Matt. 13: 30. "The good seed are the children of the kingdom, but the tares are the children of the wicked one." Two separate classes, not both combined in one personality. "Ye cannot serve two masters." "If ye are not for me ye are against me," all growing in the same field. The great question, "To which do I belong?"

Jesus next invites the multitude to the extensiveness of this "kingdom of heaven" and compares it to a grain of mustard seed, springing up and developing till it becomes the largest of all the garden herbs, lodging the birds in the branches thereof. Again attention is called to the intensiveness of the kingdom of heaven, "leavening the whole lump as the leaven leavens the meal." Jesus now retires with his disciples into the house. The fact of the kingdom, its reality had been